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FULL LEASED WIRE TELEGRAPH REPORT

EASTERN REPRESENTATIVES

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WILL THE MYSTERY BE SOLVED

The finding of the body of Irvin Springer, who while working as night clerk at the Marion Hotel last winter suddenly disappeared the night of January 8, discloses another mystery. At the time of his disappearance there was talk about liquors being sold at the Marion hotel and it was intimated in some quarters that he had fled to avoid trouble. There was nothing to show that he was connected in anyway with such sales, but as his disappearance had to be accounted for in some way that seems to have been the most handy. His case illustrates the fallacy of jumping at conclusions, for while this talk was going on the poor young fellow was lying perhaps at the bottom of the river heedless alike of praise or blame. Now the puzzling question arises: "How did he come to his death?" The condition of the skeleton suggests that the body had been anchored in the river. This theory would necessarily mean that he was the victim of foul play. This brings up the question of motive. He had no enemies so far as is known, and no plausible motive is suggested, for to suggest it would point to some person as his murderer. The matter may always remain a mystery, and yet time often explains even so apparently motiveless a murder as his, if it really was that. Already there are suggestions as to the possible murderer but these like the story of Springer's disappearance have no foundation other than in suspicion and consequently they cannot even be voiced.

The report of the Bureau of Health shows that the death rate for the United States for the year ending 1915 was 13.5 per cent, or 13.5 persons out of every 1,000 population. This would make the average length of human life 74 years. A generation heretofore has been estimated at 33 years or three to the century. If the average length of life is now 74 years then sanitation and medical knowledge have accomplished wonders. While the figures cannot be disputed it does not seem possible that the necessary result as to the average length of life can be possible. When the number of deaths during infancy are considered and the other great number that die young, it seems impossible that the average could be so high.

Baseball fans are surely getting all kinds of thrills this year in watching the finish of the big league contest as the teams come down the home stretch as a horseman would say, "under a blanket." In all baseball history there has never been a finish like the present one, and it will probably never happen again. In each of the leagues the three leading teams are so closely bunched that the least bobble may turn the scale and any one of them is liable to win. Yesterday at Detroit nearly fifteen thousand watched the Red Sox beat the home team, and today and tomorrow there will perhaps be still bigger crowds. This is a case where if baseball interferes with business the thing to do is to let the business go.

It develops that the new war machines attracting so much notice in the news from the Somme front, are an American invention, being nothing more or less than the caterpillar engines made in Peoria, Illinois, and used largely in dragging plows on the big ranches in California, digging ditches, and such work. They carry their own track, laying it ahead of themselves as they crawl along, and were never intended for killing people. It reverses the beating of swords into plow shares and turns the peaceful digging machines into deadly weapons of war.

Governor Cantu, of Lower California, is considerable of a philosopher. Being told that Carranza had an army of 5,000 gathered at Guaymas for the purpose of invading the peninsula he remarked that Carranza had no ships with which to cross the gulf and with more than a hundred miles of desert to march over he could not reach him by land. The governor did not express it in these words but what he evidently meant was: "We should worry."

IS BOSS NOW—BUT WAIT

Governor Johnson, of California, yesterday quietly put both the republican and progressive conventions in his pocket and walked away with them. He shows more wisdom than did his erstwhile partner, the Colonel who stepped from under and let his party, the child of his age, fall with a dull, sickening thud. Johnson and the few faithful ones in California are what is left of the thud. He and his followers determined to maintain their party until after the election at least, and in doing so are showing much perspicacity. When Teddy lost his party he lost all that connected him with politics, and now in order to get in the limelight at all he must ask permission of his old friends, Penrose, Crane et al. When the progressive party goes to pieces in California his excellency Hiram Johnson will come down like stocks after the war. He will probably be in the senate and safe for six years and that is what he is playing for. After that klatawa Johnson.

Mr. Hughes in his speech at Peoria yesterday accused the democrats of "adding uncertainty to the anti-trust law by definition: "This coming from the man who as one of the justices of the United States supreme court handed down the opinion in the Oregon-California land grant case which is absolutely unintelligible, and which made what was before hard to understand absolutely undecipherable, sounds much like what Josh Billings calls "sarkasm." There is an old aphorism about the pot calling the kettle blackface, that Mr. Hughes should commit to memory.

The women arrested in connection with alleged blackmailing stunts in Chicago and New York are said to be very beautiful. This is circumstantial evidence that they are guilty; as that is the only kind of female that naturally would be used for bait. Three of them were turned loose soon after their arrest and after the prosecuting attorney had interviewed them. Might it not be possible that their good looks worked on the legal profession just as it did on the capitalists? Anyway it did not take long for the state to decide it had no case against them.

The leaders of the New York street car strike have given the mayor and officials until Friday to get some kind of an agreement with the road managers by which the strike can be settled. If this is not done a sympathetic strike will be called at once the leaders declare. This would call out at least half a million workers and some estimates place the number at 700,000. Up to last night the road magnates refused to concede any of the men's demands or to submit the question in dispute to arbitration.

President Sproule says that general business prosperity causes car shortage. He might have added the situation will provide its own remedy, for car shortage will soon put an end to general business prosperity and then there will be plenty of cars.

There was plenty of criticism made by Big Business of the railroad men because they refused to submit their demands to arbitration. Now that the managers of the street railways refuse to submit their cause to arbitration these same big fellows are as silent as clams. Why?

Wouldn't it be a little tough if Johnny Bull concluded that the people of the United States had received their normal quantity of coffee and other supplies they depended on other countries for, and refused to allow them to buy anymore? It would be especially tough should he happen to have made a mistake as to the quantity the people really needed.

Dallas' latchstring is out today and many Salemites are enjoying the hospitality of the Polk county metropolis. Among these are King Bing and his band of Cherrians. It is just a friendly visit, which the good people of Dallas are requested to return soon—and often.



BURROS

The burros lazily infest the mountain regions of the west. You see them on the dizzy trails, with drooping ears and switching tails; and as they climb the rocky steep, they all seem walking in their sleep. The world has many mournful things, that walk on legs or fly on wings; the moping owl seems so depressed it gives you fantods in your breast; the cross-eyed jackal sits and howls more dismally than all the owls. The circus clown has won renown as being utterly cast down. But if you'd see the soul of woe, pack up your thermos flasks and go, out to some rugged western place, and look a burro in the face. There you will find, beneath those ears, the sorrow of a million years. I wondered why he looked so sad, when, in a Colorado grad, I first beheld him packing round a dame who weighed two hundred pound. But soon I knew; where'er he wends, a gale of merriment ascends, and dreary jokes assail his ears and fill his patient eyes with tears. No beast can be a standing jest, and find in life much joy or zest.



State House News

There are only seventeen message parlors in the state of Oregon, according to Labor Commissioner Hoff. In addition to proprietors and fir members ten persons are employed, who receive an average of \$769 annually.

Jason Moore, originator of the plan to develop Summer and Albert lakes, in Lake county, is now on his way to Oregon with engineers who are to assist him in determining upon a site for the location of a demonstrating plant to cost between \$200,000 and \$250,000. This is the news received at the office of the state land board from Mr. Moore's attorney, C. A. Sheppard of Portland.

The circuit court of Jackson county has referred the adjudication of water rights on the Rogue river to the state water board, according to advice received by James T. Chincock, superintendent of water division No. 1. Approximately 1500 claimants and 100,000 acres are involved in the adjudication.

Plans for the Nusteen drainage district have been submitted to State Engineer Lewis for his approval. The promoters have in view the drainage of 1200 acres. The engineer has taken the matter under advisement.

The California Cotton Mills company has offered to contract for the state's this year's crop of flax on a basis of 22 cents a pound. The board of control has decided that it will not be wise to enter into the contract.

According to figures compiled at the office of Labor Commissioner Hoff, there are in Oregon only twenty eight people who follow piano tuning as a profession. It is estimated that the twenty eight make \$35,000 a year.

A letter addressed to Governor Withycombe from Mayor Ralph of San Francisco cordially invites the governor and the people of Oregon to attend San Francisco's illumination festival October 4th and 5th. The festival is for the purpose of celebrating the completion of a new system of lighting in Market street, which will cause that thoroughfare to be known as "The Path of Gold."

The Brant Printing company of Portland, capitalized for \$5000, filed articles of incorporation at the office of the corporation commissioner this morning.

The latest report received by the public service commission shows the car shortage on the Southern Pacific lines in western Oregon to be 1444, an increase over that of the preceding day. A total of 58 empty cars was received at Ashland during the past twenty four hours.

That Albany is to have a new water system is evidenced by the receipt at the office of the state engineer of an application for permission to install a system which is to cost \$226,000. It is proposed to pipe the water from Roaring Creek, a distance of twenty three miles, and the supply will be three cubic feet a second.

Insurance Commissioner Harvey Wells has an invitation, received by wire this morning from the chief of the fire department at Hood River, to attend a fire prevention meeting in that city tomorrow night with Fire Marshal Stevens of Portland. It is likely that the commissioner will accept the invitation.

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MILDRED HAS AN IDEA

CHAPTER XXVI
Clifford was still cross when he came home, so I thought I would say nothing until after he had had his dinner. I had always heard that a man was better-natured after he had eaten. I had taken special pains to have a nice dinner—all the dishes he liked.
He ate heartily, then lighted a cigar and settled himself to read the papers.
"Wait a minute, Clifford, before you commence to read, I have a plan I want to talk over with you."
"Well, what is it?" not looking up.
"Please put down your paper," I insisted.
"I can't talk unless I can see your face," which was true. I never had been able to talk to anyone who did not give me their undivided attention.
Impatiently he laid the paper on his lap.
The Plan.
It was harder to begin than I thought it would be. His manner wasn't encouraging, and I was somewhat not so sanguine of my plan as when I had been alone.
"You know, Clifford," I finally commenced, "that you do not enjoy the Franklins, and the other young people. Why not let me meet your friends? I always liked older people—maybe that's the reason I liked you. And it would be so much nicer if we had the same friends."
"Wait!"
"I thought we might give a dinner party and invite Mrs. Horton and the rest of the people you care for. Then they would have to invite me. And after that we could go out together."
"Beautiful plan!" he sneered. "If you had any pride, you wouldn't care to go where you weren't wanted."
"I shouldn't think they would insult you by not asking me!" I retorted, stung by his reply.
"It is at my request that you are not included," he said in a voice that cut like a knife. "I do not wish to have my pleasures spoiled by having some one around who acts shocked at everything I or my friends do."
"Oh, but I won't, Clifford! I'll not act shocked. Really I won't! And it would be so nice to go out together. It seems strange to me, you know. Father and Mother never lived as we live."
"If you expect me to live as your father does you will be disappointed. Now, if you have entirely finished, I'll read my papers."
"And we will give a dinner party and ask them?"
"No. You attend to yourself and stop interfering with me. I'll not have my actions questioned by anyone. Now cry a little, then I'll be anxious to spend another evening with you."
"I shall not cry, I think you know that," I replied, my lips quivering, but my eyes dry. I had never felt the slightest inclination to weep since I had sworn that he should never see me cry again.
Clifford's Harshness Causes Thought.
Clifford's cruelty hurt me fearfully. His sneering reception of my plan was almost more than I could bear. I had been so pleased that I had hit upon a solution of the embarrassing situation—embarrassing for me, evidently not for him.
The more I thought of it, the worse I felt. Clifford had confessed that it was at his instigation that I had not been invited to meet his friends. Perhaps they would have liked to know me, had he been willing. Well, I had my friends too, now, and while I should insist that Clifford be invited wherever I was, if he refused to go I would go alone.
Why couldn't he be kind and considerate like Father, or—like Mr. Brooke? Was it because of the mysterious L. G. that he didn't want me to entertain his friends? Was that the reason he didn't want them to ask me?
Some time I would find out who L. G. was. But as to how I was to go about it, I hadn't the slightest idea.
(Tomorrow—A New Creation and a New Surprise.)

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TRAIN NO. 73

Will run through from Salem to Fair Grounds. No. 74 will start from Fair Grounds at 4:10 p. m.

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